

GERMANS HOLD UP COAL: MARTIAL LAW FOR ESSEN

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

DEATH OF EX-KING TINO ARMENIAN CHURCH



The ex-King of Greece with his family in exile. He was twice forced to abdicate.

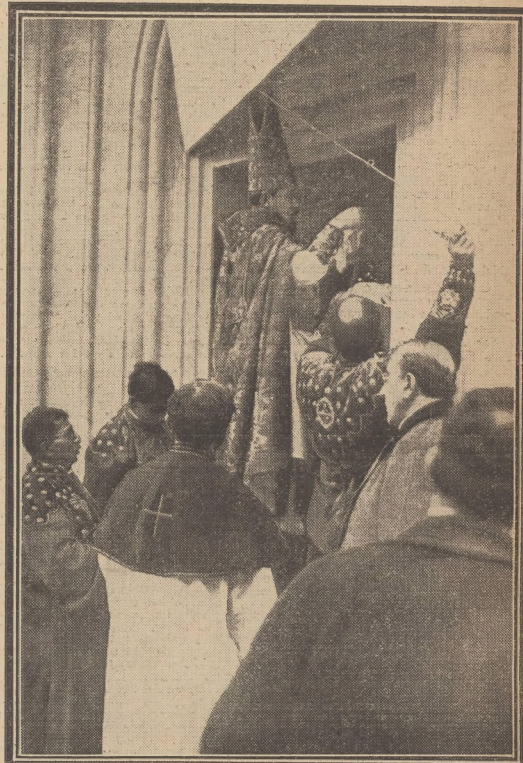


The ex-Kaiser explaining to Tino the operations of his troops.



The ex-King Tino in the uniform of a Field-Marshal.

The sudden death of ex-King Tino of Greece was reported from Palermo yesterday. The ex-King, who, both as monarch and as soldier, had experienced the alternating extremes of triumphal success and humiliating overthrow, will long remain notorious for his perfidy to the Allies during the war.



The Armenian Bishop pronouncing a dedication on the threshold.



Dr. Nazarian, wearing a black hood, proceeding to the ceremony.

The first Armenian church in England was opened yesterday at Iverna-gardens, Kensington, by Dr. Abol Nazarian, the chief Armenian Bishop in this country. He was accompanied on his arrival for the impressive ceremony by a minister of the Church of England.—(Daily Mirror.)

SECRETS OF BARRICADED HOUSE

Maltby's Amazing Career of Extravagance.

RIDDLE OF WOMAN.

Was She Murdered?—Problem for Sir B. Spilsbury.

Amazing details came to light yesterday concerning the life of Cecil Maltby, one of the victims of the tragedy in the barricaded house at Regent's Park.

He abandoned a lucrative business for a career of luxury and dissipation, spending much of his time at race meetings and dance clubs. So far the mystery of the fate of Mrs. Middleton, who was found dead in the bath after Maltby shot himself, has not been solved.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury is making an examination in an effort to discover whether she died naturally, ended her own life by poisoning or was murdered.

MONEY QUARREL.

Mrs. Middleton's Strange Fascination Over Eccentric Lover.

Day and night policemen continue to watch and guard the red house with the yellow blinds in Park-road, Regent's Park, in which the grim discoveries were made.

Detectives are searching and examining everything they can find, hoping to discover some kind of clue that will lead to the solution of the riddle of Mrs. Middleton's fate.

How did the woman meet her death? Was it by poisoning, self-administered, or was it due to heart failure following the taking of a hot bath?

Or, again, was it the result of foul play—a sudden attack of frenzy on the part of Maltby? These are the knotty problems with which the detectives are confronted, and they are looking to Sir Bernard Spilsbury, one of the master minds in pathological cases, to help them to discover which of these three theories is correct.

Dr. Spilsbury's task is a particularly difficult one—probably the most difficult in the course of his long experience—for the woman must have been dead for quite four months.

DISSEMINATION.

Inquiries yesterday by *The Daily Mirror* strongly suggest that for weeks before Maltby, who threw aside a once fashionable and prosperous tailoring business in order to lead a life of dissipation and association with the underworld, was hopelessly mad.

He was always a strange psychological subject. Since his wife left him some ten years ago he had led a Bohemian sort of life.

Sometimes it was a long spell of drinking; at other times it was attendance at race meetings; at others dance clubs and intrigues with women.

Maltby met Mrs. Middleton in January of last year, and she exercised a strange fascination over him—an influence which no other woman he had known had ever had.

He took her about with him after she came to live in his house in June, and although at times his manners were most repulsive, to some people he seemed very fond of her, and she, similarly, appeared to reciprocate his attention.

WOMAN LAST SEEN IN AUGUST.

So far as *The Daily Mirror* can ascertain, the last seen of Mrs. Middleton in public was on August 12, when Maltby took her to Windsor races.

A young man named George James Sullivan, who was at one time a porter and messenger at Maltby's shop and afterwards became a kind of manservant, remembers the couple returning home.

A day or so afterwards Maltby and Mrs. Middleton had a quarrel about money. Their differences were made up, however, and Maltby cooked her breakfast each morning and took it to her bedroom.

About this time Maltby was known to be making inquiries in the neighbourhood concerning Mrs. Middleton's health. He was anxious to secure a certain treatment, but failed.

So far as can be ascertained, no one saw or heard anything of Mrs. Middleton after August 15.

SHUT AWAY FROM WORLD.

Since that date Maltby's shop was seldom open, and he ceased to frequent his old haunts. Then, early in October, it was noticed that the blinds and curtains were drawn, and that the house began to wear a deserted air.

People who knew Maltby regarded this as an outcome of one of his eccentric or drunken freaks. No one worried.

As to Mrs. Middleton, it was popularly supposed that she had left his house and rejoined her husband.

Failing payment of accounts, both the gas and water supplies were cut off, but neighbours knew that Maltby was still in the house. He was frequently seen at the windows waving his arms and otherwise behaving in a strange way.

Still no one took any notice. "He is drunk or mad," people said. "Leave him alone."

It was only when the police forced their entrance into the house, the shop door of which was barricaded, that the real facts of one of the grimmest tragedies that had ever been enacted in London were revealed.

The Daily Mirror has the best authority for stating that, so far as can be discovered up to the present—the post-mortem examination, however, is not yet completed—no marks of violence have been discovered to account for Mrs. Middleton's death.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury alone will be able to say what brought about the death of this pretty, au courant woman, whose husband was away at sea and who shared Maltby's home.

Circumstantial evidence, however, seems to suggest that Maltby, worried by the nature of her illness, resorted to all sorts of remedial methods, and that it is not improbable the woman died under the treatment.

Then comes the most dramatic episode of the tragedy. Maltby was passionately fond of the woman, but, for some reason or another, he dare not reveal to the world the secret of her death.

And so he placed a pillow under her head in the empty bath and covered her body with a sheet.

BED ON FLOOR.

For day after day, week after week, month after month, he lived in the ill-ventilated and unlighted house, with the woman lying dead a few feet away.

The bedroom was next door to the room of death, but, to the amazement of the detectives, there was in the same room a make-shift bed on the floor.

It bore the appearance of having been somewhat recently occupied, and there was also a table, on which were the dried remnants of a meal.

In Maltby's own room—the room in which he shot himself with a Webley revolver as the detectives dashed up the staircase—was an oil-stove, and it was here, close to the body of the woman he loved, that the man had cooked his food, lived and slept for months.

1,000 ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION.

At night time the only other light he had was from a small torch and an occasional fire.

It was generally believed when the police, anxious to discover the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mrs. Middleton, besieged the house, that Maltby had laid in a huge supply of food.

That was not so. *The Daily Mirror* understands that when the detectives searched the place they failed to find a single ounce of food. There were hundreds of empty wine and spirit bottles and nearly 1,000 rounds of revolver ammunition.

It is not thought, say the doctors, that Maltby had any food for quite a week.

Besides the notes which Maltby left behind him suggesting that Mrs. Middleton committed suicide was one other dramatic find.

It was a sporting gun, which had belonged to his father. The position in which the weapon was found and other facts leave not the slightest doubt that before shooting himself with the revolver Maltby had vainly endeavoured to commit suicide with the gun. The weapon, however, would not apparently go off.

HUSBAND SENT FOR.

Mr. Middleton to Leave Ship at First Port of Call for London.

Mr. Middleton, the husband of the dead woman, who is chief officer on the steamer Maresfield, has been requested by the police to leave his ship at the next port of call and to return home in order to assist the coroner in clearing up the mystery.

It will be the best part of a week before this important witness can be expected in London.

The coroner may decide to open an inquiry into the deaths of Maltby and the woman almost immediately, the proceedings will be purely formal, and the inquest will be adjourned until a late date to permit the attendance of Mr. Middleton.

Mrs. Middleton went to live at Gerrards Cross in 1914. She took furnished apartments, and later moved into a villa.

During her residence there, which continued for some time, she is stated to have lived a very gay life.

SICK BED MESSAGE.

Wife Who Refused to Let "Other Woman" Visit Ailing Husband.

A husband's request to his wife, when he was expected not to recover from influenza, to inform the "other woman" was related in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mrs. Susanna Harman, of Brighton-road, Surbiton, said that when she was nursing her husband she asked her to write and tell a Miss Harriet Eliza Disney about his illness, and, as she refused, he scribbled a few lines and addressed them to her.

The following day Miss Disney came to the house, and she refused to admit her. When he recovered her husband made a statement.

HELPING POOR CLERGYMEN.

The diocese of Manchester is launching a scheme for increasing all benefices which fall below £300 a year up to that amount.

The capital sum required for carrying this into effect is £75,000. It is hoped ultimately to increase all benefices in the diocese to £400 per annum.

FATAL GAS TAPS.

Coroner on Necessity for Using Checks.

READING IN BED.

"No person should have a gas tap without a proper check, as there is nothing to indicate when the gas is turned off," said Mr. Ingelby Oddie at an inquest at Lambeth yesterday on



Mr. Oddie.

Dorothy Oxford Stretton, twenty-seven, of York-road, who died from coal gas poisoning.

Her father, Mr. William Stretton, a tobacconist, said that on Sunday evening she said she would go upstairs and read in bed. On Monday morning he went upstairs, and on entering his daughter's bedroom was met by a volume of gas.

He found the girl on the bed dead and only partially dressed. The gas burner, which was an ordinary one, but the tap had no check. He had not been aware of this, and all the other gas taps in the house had checks. There was a book by the side of his daughter's bed.

In recording the verdict of accidental death, the coroner said that nothing could be more dangerous than gas taps without proper checks, and they ought not to be allowed now, when it was notorious that coal gas, owing to the addition of water gas, was more poisonous than in the pre-war gas days.

AIR CRASH VICTIMS.

One Mechanic Out of Danger—Burnett Still Unconscious.

It was found on inquiry at Bushey Heath Hospital yesterday that Air-Mechanic Burnett, who was among the men injured in the air crash at Stanmore, was still unconscious, and his condition remained critical.

Samuel Hawke, who is suffering from internal injuries, is about the same as he was when admitted. Harry Picken is improving, and considered to be out of danger.

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND.

Baronet's Eloquent Tribute to His Mother's Love.

That, although he was forty-two, he had remained single because he had never met a woman whom he loved more than his mother, was the confession made yesterday by Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

He was speaking to his tenantry at their annual dinner at Cole Orton, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and her son's tribute to Lady Beaumont was met with ringing cheers.

"Mothers are always biased in favour of their boys, and quite rightly so," said the Willesden magistrate yesterday. "I don't know what some modern boys would do if their mothers were not biased in their favour."

EARL'S DAUGHTER WEDS.

Six Months' Honeymoon in East Africa Shooting Big Game.

Silver grey was the unusual shade chosen for her four bridesmaids by Lady Mary Egerton, daughter of the late Earl of Wilton and of Marjorie Lady Wilton, who was married to Mr. R. B. Boyd yesterday at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

The bride, who was given away by the Hon. George Egerton, wore a draped white satin dress with long sleeves, a train of silver and velvet patterned fringe and carried a white vellum prayer-book instead of flowers.

For their honeymoon Mr. and Lady Mary Boyd will spend six months in East Africa on a shooting expedition and to pay a visit to the bride's mother, Marjorie Countess of Wilton.

Deep red roses allied to peach-coloured veils and dresses were worn by four bridesmaids who attended Miss Dorothy Wood at her marriage at the Bromley Oratory yesterday to Captain H. J. Banford, of Oldfields Hall, Uttoxeter. The bride's dress had a silver train lined with rose pink.

RUNAWAY WIFE.

Told Husband That He Valued Money More Than He Did Her.

A husband's restitution suit was heard in the Divorce Court yesterday, when a decree was granted to Lieutenant William George Gould, now serving with the R.A.F. at Manston, Kent. Mr. Gould said that his wife unexpectedly went to Canada in 1920. The following year he sought her to return, sending her £55 for the journey.

She did not come, and said that his refusing to send her extra money had proved that he valued money more than he did her.

"I guess you will think this a strange letter," she wrote, "after those previously sent, but I had then quite a different opinion of you. . . . The money you sent I am keeping."

WIFE'S CHINESE ROOF GARDEN.

Tale of Watch on Husband and Other Woman.

WEST END SCENE.

"Dearest Betty" Note That Ended in Divorce Court.

Amazing London street scenes between husband and wife were described in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mrs. Dorothy Emily Crawford, of Lake Como, Italy, was granted a decree nisi owing to her husband's cruelty and misconduct.

Mrs. Crawford said that her husband made a disturbance outside the Labour Ministry because she refused him money, and another time knocked her down in Leicester-square.

While they were living in Tientsin, China, she surprised him writing a letter which began "Dearest Betty."

From her Chinese roof-garden, Mrs. Crawford said she saw a woman in her husband's arms in a passing motor-car.

BETTY OF TIENSIN.

How Wife Watched Her Husband in Other Woman's Motor-Car.

Her marriage, said Mrs. Crawford, took place at Tonbridge in 1912, and she had two children. Her married life was unhappy, and there were disagreements over money affairs.

Her husband had a very violent temper, and had struck her.

In 1917 they lived at Addiscombe, and there he made demands for money, and threatened her and tried to strangle her.

She worked at the Ministry of Labour in London, and on one occasion he rang her up at the Ministry and demanded money. She refused to supply him, and he came and created a scene outside and called her abusive names in the presence of a crowd which walked in.

In another time, when they were walking in Leicester-square, her husband was accosted by a woman, and when she (Mrs. Crawford) asked who the woman was he flung her down and her arm and ankle were hurt.

Subsequently he got a position in China, and she joined him there. In November, 1920, she surprised him writing a letter, and on seeing her he crumpled the letter up and threw it away.

"DEAREST BETTY" NOTE.

She later recovered it and found it began, "Dearest Betty," and made an appointment for the afternoon.

Betty, was Mrs. Elizabeth Fliske Leitch, a woman who started on the fringe of society in Tientsin and was gradually ostracised.

There was a roof garden to their house in Tientsin, said Mrs. Crawford, and while sitting up there with the children, he nurse, she frequently saw her husband go to Mrs. Leitch's house, where he used to stay two or three hours.

One evening in May she was on the verandah and saw Mrs. Leitch's motor-car go down to the town. She went out, and later saw Mrs. Leitch and Mr. Crawford returning in it, Mrs. Leitch being in Mr. Crawford's arms.

In November, 1921, she met her husband accidentally in London. He confessed to his relations with Mrs. Leitch, and asked for forgiveness. She refused.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-time to-day is 5.13 p.m.

Tainted cockles caused three cases of paratyphoid fever in South Wales.

The Duke of York last night attended a ball at King's Hall, Hackney, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children.

Six smallpox cases were reported yesterday at Langley Mill, Derbyshire. Only two Southwark cases are now under treatment.

Golf Ball Kills.—A golf ball played from the Aldershot links killed a hare which was being hunted by the Aldershot Command beagles.

Lived with Broken Neck.—Bernard Jackson, sixty-eight, of Sholing (Hants), lived for twelve days after breaking his neck by a fall downstairs.

Sir L. W. Evans Robbed.—While playing tennis at Cannes, Sir L. Worthington-Evans was robbed of his pocket-book containing £80.—Reuter.

Playful Push Fatal.—Alfred Fokard, seventeen, riding a bicycle at Colchester, was playfully pushed by his sweetheart and was thrown under an omnibus and killed.

Her Hundredth Birthday.—Mrs. Mary Phillips, of Blaen-Rhondda, who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday, has over fifty grand and great-grandchildren.

Blind Preacher Dead.—Blind from infancy, the Rev. George Evans, who used to walk unaccompanied nine miles to preach on Sundays, has died at Ponsarn aged seventy-eight.

Judge's Old Coat.—"If I damaged my coat—and it is usually a very old one—the damages I could recover would be the cost of repairing it," said Judge Cluer at Shoreditch yesterday.

RUHR AREA OCCUPIED BY 40,000 FRENCH TROOPS

Proclamation of Martial Law Expected in Essen—Quick German Reprisals.

DELIVERIES OF COAL TO ALLIES STOPPED

Treaty To Be Declared Inoperative and Strike To Be Started on Monday.

France—supported by Belgium—occupied the Ruhr industrial area of Germany yesterday, when 40,000 troops marched into Essen and surrounding places.

Infantry, artillery and cavalry, in full war kit and accompanied by tanks and armoured cars, began the advance at dawn.

Germany threatens that, by way of reprisals, the Peace Treaty will be declared inoperative and negotiations broken off with the Reparations Commission. A strike will be ordered to begin on Monday.

Martial law, says Reuter, is to be declared in Essen almost immediately. Transportation of coal to the Allies ceased yesterday by order of the Berlin Government.

ARMY'S MARCH AT DAWN BRITISH TROOPS LIKELY INTO GERMAN TERRITORY. TO STAY ON RHINE.

Tanks and Guns with Full War Equipment. Cabinet Meet to Discuss Paris Conference.

NO DISTURBING INCIDENT. THE PREMIER'S REPORT.

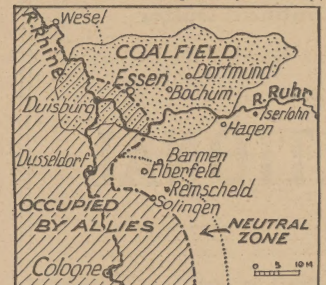
PARIS, Thursday.

The advance guard of the French troops arrived at Essen at ten o'clock to-day without any untoward incident.

Troops, accompanied by artillery and tanks, have also taken possession of the districts around Essen.

General Degoutte is posting proclamations in occupied Ruhr towns in terms similar to the Franco-Belgian Note to Berlin, appealing to the wisdom of the population, especially the workmen, to avoid incidents, and expressing the hope that the relations between the troops and civilians may be as friendly in the Ruhr as in the Rhineland.—Exchange.

An official announcement issued here says:—French troops started this morning in the direction of Essen. At 3 p.m. they will occupy



Map showing the rich industrial district which is the scene of the Franco-Belgian advance.

Bruckhausen, Gelsenkirchen, Essen, Werden and Ratingen.

Their effective are two divisions of infantry and one of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Henrys, and under the direction of General Degoutte.

A Belgian detachment is accompanying them. French units from the frontier garrisons are taking the place of the Ruhr occupation corps in the Rhineland.—Reuter.

ESSEN, Thursday.

Contrary to expectations, the movement of French troops from Düsseldorf did not start until five o'clock this morning.

A considerable force of cavalry, accompanied by a large number of tanks and field guns, armoured cars, lorries and cyclists, moved out along the direct road to Essen via Kettwig. Simultaneously the Belgians moved out of Duisburg, proceeding via Muelheim, accompanied by a considerable body of French infantry and an ammunition column.

The force is expected to number about 40,000—a most imposing array of troops, having the fullest war equipment, even to gas masks. After a mass meeting last night, when 10,000 persons passed a resolution protesting against this "fresh violation of the Treaty of Versailles," crowds paraded the streets.

Some excitement was caused outside the Kaiserhof Hotel, where a number of foreign press correspondents were staying, following upon the throwing of a bottle by someone in the crowd.

Herr Luther, the burgemeister, succeeded in averting an unpleasant incident.—Reuter.

The Prime Minister presided yesterday morning at a meeting of the Cabinet at 10, Downing street and presented a report upon the Paris Conference.

Among those present were the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Robert Sanders, Mr. Bridgeman and Sir Philip Lloyd Treame. Lord Derby, who had not yet reached London from Cannes, was a notable absentee.

The situation in the Ruhr district was examined, but it is understood that no decisions were taken which might involve marked variation in British policy in relation to France's determination to advance.

There is as yet no indication that the Government intends to withdraw the British troops of occupation from the Rhineland, and it was emphasised yesterday that such a course is still regarded as improbable.

Consideration was also given to the position which has arisen in consequence of the spread of the rent strike from Glasgow to England, and some form of legislation is in contemplation which will have the effect of legalising the position.

It was stated in Downing-street yesterday that it is Britain's policy to make it possible for the French to retire from the new zone with the minimum of embarrassment should they ever desire to do so. Meanwhile, Britain will remain passive.

GERMAN REPRISALS.

Peace Treaty To Be Declared Void—Short Strike from Monday.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The Berlin Government has decided to take the following measures immediately after the French occupation is accomplished:—

(a) The Peace Treaty will be declared broken and its execution declared inoperative.

(b) Germany will not any longer negotiate with the Reparations Commission unless this injustice is removed.

(c) The use of alcoholic liquors will be reduced.

(d) Sunday next will be declared National Mourning Day.

Industrialists are said to be unwilling to put any material at the disposal of the French. Only the lower employees of the mines, who have not the slightest notion of management, remain in Essen, having the order not to lend the French engineers a helping hand.

The executives of the Rhine-Westphalia labour organisation have decided to proclaim on Monday a short strike throughout the whole industrial district.—Exchange.

TOBACCO MILLIONS.

Net Profits of British-American Company £4,400,738 for Year.

Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen, Bart., presiding yesterday at the annual meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, said that the net profits of the company for the year amounted to £4,400,738.

With the sum borrowed forward from last year added, there was a disposal balance of approximately four and three-quarter millions. The final dividend of 9 per cent. for the year made a total of 25 per cent. upon the ordinary shares. He trusted that the shareholders would consider that satisfactory.



Mr. Boyer, an American delegate to the Reparations Commission, whose recall is suggested as a consequence of his recent speech.



Miss Katherine Mansfield, author of "The Garden Party" and other short stories, whose death has just been announced.

ENGINE HURLED AT FULL SPEED INTO SEA.

Rebels Wreck Sligo Station and Eight Locomotives.

£80,000 FIRE DAMAGE.

Damage to the amount of £80,000 was done to buildings, and rolling-stock when, early yesterday morning, Sligo railway station was set on fire by armed irregulars.

Two passenger trains were completely destroyed by the flames.

Seven engines were coupled to one with steam up, and the lot were sent full speed along the line leading to the goods stores on the quay. The engines made matchwood of the buffer stop blocks and heavy concrete sea wall.

One fell right into the sea, and one was left hanging across the sea wall. Others were thrown into all sorts of positions.

Petrol and mines were used in the destruction of the station, and the explosions shook the town. The building, which was one of the most solidly constructed of its kind in Ireland, is now a mass of debris.

Simultaneously with the outbreak of fire the military posts at the courthouse and the gaol were sniped at, but the attackers were quickly driven off.

Troops which were rushed to the station in an armoured car were also fired upon, and the heavy machine gun and rifle fire lasted a couple of hours.

So far as is known there were no casualties.

BRIGHTER LAUSANNE OUTLOOK

Allies Pay Tribute to Ismet's Conciliatory Spirit.

The general feeling is that the prospects of the final success of the Lausanne Conference are more hopeful as the result of Ismet Pasha's decision to allow the Greek Patriarchate to remain in Constantinople, says Reuter's special correspondent.

Many regarded this as a test case, and all the Allies pay a tribute to Ismet's conciliatory and statesmanlike answer to their appeal.

This is the first big concession since Turkey's promised accession to the League of Nations and the Straits regime concession, and Ismet's latest decision is appreciated as not an easy one for the representative of Angora to make.

The next possibility of stormy weather will be when the Allied terms are presented in the form of a treaty.

EXPLOSION IN GERMAN MINE.

Fearful Loss of Forty-Five Lives After Fire Cuts Off Escape.

BERLIN, Thursday.

As the result of the explosion of a petrol engine in the Abwehr coal-mine, near Hindenburg, Upper Silesia, fire broke out and forty-five miners were cut off. It is feared that all of them have perished.—Reuter.

ATHLETIC DAYS OVER.

World's Champion Sculler Says He Is Down and Out.

"I am down and out. I am practically stranded, and my athletic days are virtually over," said Ernest Barry, the world's champion sculler, to the Brentford County Court yesterday, in applying for his discharge from bankruptcy.

He attributed his position to the fact that while he was in Australia for his last match his public-house business was mismanaged, and that a book-maker's business he embarked upon involved him in a liability of £1,173. His liabilities were £1,730, and the assets £25. A dividend of 73d. in the pound had been paid, the Official Receiver reported. The Court decided to grant the discharge, but suspended it for two years.



Ernest Barry.

EXILED KING TINO'S DEATH IN PALERMO.

Monarch Who Was Twice Forced to Abdicate.

CRUSHED BY TURKS.

Ambition of Conquest That Ended at Smyrna.

PALERMO, Thursday.

Ex-King Constantine of Greece died suddenly at eleven o'clock this morning from cerebral hemorrhage.

The news caused quite a sensation in the town. While living a retired life, his Majesty had been going out for walks and visiting some families of the local aristocracy, so that he had become more or less a familiar figure in Palermo.

Queen Sophia and his daughters, the Crown Princesses of Rumania and Princesses Irene and Catherine, were present when he died.—Reuter.

The ex-King Constantine had the unusual experience of being twice called to the throne and twice forced to abdicate.

He succeeded his father, King George of Greece, who was shot in the street by a madman, on March 18, 1915.

Only a fortnight before the assassination of his father, Tino, as Crown Prince, led the Greek troops in triumph into the fallen fortress of Janina.

It was this Balkan campaign which gave Constantine his reputation as a great soldier—a reputation which was finally shattered last year when his army was defeated by the Kemalists.

The Greek defeat led to his second and final abdication. He and his family left Oropos, about twenty miles north of Athens, by moonlight on the night of October 7.

VARYING NEUTRALITY.

During the war the ex-King's neutrality was equivocal, to say the least. In the early days he expected German "kultur" to prevail, and he was known to exchange a number of messages with his brother-in-law, the Kaiser.

Subsequently, however, he began to veer towards the Allies.

Internal disruption brought about his first abdication in June, 1917. His abdication was hailed with relief by his own people, as well as the Allies. He nominated his son, Prince Alexander, to succeed him.

When the Venizelos Government fell towards the end of 1920 he re-entered Athens with protestations of friendship for the Allies. His return was the outcome of a plebiscite which showed a great majority in favour of his being invited to reascend the throne.

Within seven or eight months of his return to Athens he declared war on the Turks. For a time things went well. His ambition of conquest came to an end in the debacle at Smyrna, and shortly afterwards Greece knew him no more.

BEER 2D. A PINT LESS?

Trade Official on Inadequacy of a Penny Reduction.

"No importance can be attached to the statement that a remission of beer duty sufficient to reduce the price of beer by id. a pint has been decided on," Mr. P. C. Morgan, hon. secretary of the National Trade Defence Association, said yesterday.

"The public, as Mr. Baldwin well knows, demand a substantial reduction, and they would not so regard anything less than 2d. That would still leave the average price of beer at about double the pre-war cost."

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Death of Well-Known Writer of Stories of Realism.

Miss Katherine Mansfield, the writer of short stories and wife of Mr. J. Middleton Murry, has died at Fontainebleau.

Her first book, a collection of short stories, entitled, "In a German Pension," secured a success of destiny. Then came "Bliss," another group of short stories. The public recognised the rare quality of her writing, which revealed her as a stern realist, and the book ran into many editions.

Her third and last book, "The Garden Party," also became immensely popular, although there was still a portion of people who decried her realism as soullessness.

She was born in Wellington, New Zealand, but the major portion of her life was spent in Europe. Her real name was Katherine Beauchamp.

THAMES BEGINS TO FALL.

Better weather prevails along the Thames Valley, and the river has made its first lowering, a drop of a few inches being noticeable yesterday at Shepperton.

Would you like a Cash Prize for your Knitting or Crochet?

Never since knitted Jumpers and Sports Coats became fashionable have ladies been so skilful as they are to-day.

Everybody's desire is for a really beautiful garment made with the exquisitely soft and lustrous "Star Sylko." Don't waste your time with artificial silks. Your work will wash and keep its shape better, and last longer if you use "Star Sylko." And it offers you a wide variety of fascinating shades for you to choose from.



Ardern's STAR SYLKO

A £400 PRIZE COMPETITION is announced in "Fancy Needlework Illustrated," No. 64—the needlework journal with the big circulation. Free entry coupon and full particulars with every copy. Price 2d. of Drapers and Art-Needlework Dealers, also Newsagents, or 3½d. post paid from the Northern School of Art-Needlework, Ltd. (Dept. 3), National Buildings, Manchester.

£400

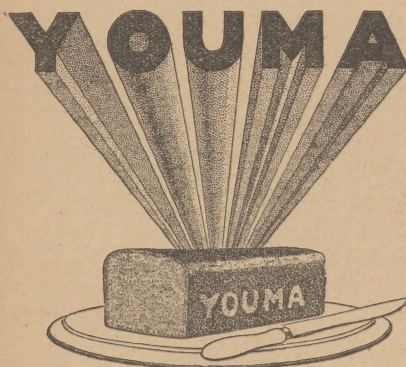
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1923.

KING CONSTANTINE.

CONSTANTINE of Greece has not long survived his exile.

With his death ends a strange and troubled chapter in the story of the Near East.

Probably it is too soon to estimate justly the part he played in the affairs of a miserably misguided country.

Throughout the war his German attachments brought him under the suspicion of secretly opposing and undermining our cause.

But, indeed, Allied action upon Greece, and Western interference with Greek affairs, has for long been so fatuous that it is conceivable that future revelations may throw a new light upon his attitude—especially when the official world here has shaken off its obsession in favour of M. Venizelos.

That at least is the view put forward by a well-instructed writer, Mr. Abbott, in his challenging book "Greece and the Allies," where the whole course of our negotiations is reviewed from the opening of the war almost to the beginning of Greece's last attempt to realise the imperialistic ambitions to which we, alas, failed to urge her.

In that last adventure of folly King Constantine took part. He vanished with his failure.

The future only can show how far he was directly responsible for guiding his distracted country to her final collapse.

TABLE TENNIS.

ENTRIES for our Table Tennis Championship close on Monday. We hope that none of our readers who have fallen to the fascination of this best of indoor games have failed to send in their names. For this will certainly be one of the most exciting championships ever organised by a newspaper.

It will be exciting, partly because the chances will be so equal.

The great advantage of table tennis, indeed, is that it provides so fine an opportunity for all—for men, women and children alike.

It does not require the immense muscular violence of modern lawn tennis. The athlete, therefore, has no necessary advantage over others. It demands speed and skill, which can be acquired by practice. Our championship will be a splendid lesson, as well as a great amusement, to all enthusiasts.

MOTHERS AND SONS.

FOND mothers are often blamed for showing "a bias in favour of their sons," remarked a magistrate yesterday, and it was rather cynically added: "If they didn't forgive their boys everything, who else would?"

We have only to ask next whether this constant prepossession isn't at times rather bad for *bad* boys, and whether such tender love isn't often poorly rewarded.

There are observers who say that the old type of severe parents—those who never "spared the rod"—were better loved by their children than the excuse-finding and indulgent fathers and mothers of to-day.

In some cases it probably was so, but that the companionship of mother and son may be the fairest of human relationships remains true also. And it was pleasantly proclaimed anew by a speech made to his tenants yesterday by Sir George Beaumont, who remarked that he has never married because he has never yet found a companion so perfect as his mother.

Perhaps marriageable girls will think this overdoing it. For the best husbands are those who have been the best sons.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Capital Punishment—The Strain of Modern Life—Dangerous Toys—Bad Poetry.

MODERN LIFE.

SURELY one thing makes modern life more of a strain than life in the eighteenth century—that is, the noise of our existence to-day.

Life was much quieter a century ago. Anyone who walks through London to-day must find his nerves gradually affected by the roar of motor traffic.

And what will it be like when we have thousands of aeroplanes buzzing over our heads? Nervous.

ONE cannot agree with "W. M.'s" paradox that life in the days of our ancestors was just as much a strain as it is to-day.

For one thing, our forefathers moved about much less than we do. One certainly might get

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS.

WITH your kind permission, I would like to challenge the statement that capital punishment does not agree with religious principles.

To establish my opposition, I refer your "misinformed" attention to Chapter IX. of Genesis, verse vi., which runs:—

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

ERITICAL DEFENCE.

"A HIGHER POWER."

LET me remind your correspondent "J. M. G.," who suggests that it is sufficient to know, in a case of murder, that "due reparation will be exacted by a Higher Power," that

THE FASCINATION OF TABLE TENNIS.



It is so great that it sometimes disorganises the eating habits of the British home!

LYRIC WRITERS.

MAY I be allowed to suggest that English lyric writers of to-day should receive more encouragement, both from the musical world and the general concert-loving public, than has been the case in years past?

Their remuneration, when compared with that of the composer and publishers, is considerably out of proportion—especially when one bears in mind that the composer often receives his inspiration from the beauty of the poem, and the publishers reap the reward of the popularity of the song.

Apart from royalties and such matters, I do think that both parties should share in the honour of production of works of particular sentimental beauty, and I would suggest that in future the name of the poet should be printed in brackets after that of the composer on all concert programmes, publishers' lists, etc.

Dekker-road, Dulwich.

TOO MECHANICAL?

MANY thanks for your warning cartoon on this subject.

I am against children being allowed to have either ugly or explosive toys.

In fact, I am rather doubtful as to whether mechanical toys are not bad for children. A child's imagination needs training. The time will come for any boy or girl to be interested in modern machinery.

A CAREFUL FATHER.

a murderer may be reasonably assumed to have no fear of or belief in such a Power.

Were it not for the dread of the punishment of death there would undoubtedly be many more murders.

IDA VOWLER.

THE CURATE'S ATTEMPT.

"THE Rambler's" recent samples of unsuccessful attempts at poetry will be read by many with interest. Doubtless other poetic effusions will have been called to mind.

"Our Curate" was at one time living in hope of becoming Poet Laureate in due course, and the columns of our local weekly used to contain examples of his literary powers.

But a vigorous protest from a regular reader put an end to the efforts of the young divine when the following appeared under his pen:—

The leaves are falling fast

From off the naked boughs,

And swallows flying past

Interrogating crows.

I. S.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 11.—The common sweet briar (eglantine) should be found in every garden; it can be grown as a bush or planted to form a hedge.

Lord Penzance's hybrids are also valuable sweet briars; these bear large single and semi-double flowers in many shades of colour. They make attractive hedges, and can also be used for covering arches and pillars.

The following are good sorts: Anne of Geierstein (crimson), Lady Penzance (coppery yellow), Lord Penzance (flawn), Rose Bradwardine (rose), Catherine Seyton (pink).

E. F. T.

THE LOST ART OF MATCH-MAKING.

WHY SCHEMING MOTHERS CAN NO LONGER SUCCEED.

By A DAUGHTER.

AT one time the match-making mother was a very familiar figure.

We all knew her. Eligible daughters knew her only too well.

She was obsessed by the one idea of getting her girl married.

At first it was to be to no one but a titled, blue-blooded husband, and then, eventually, in sheer desperation, she was driven to clutch at every available man as a drowning person to a straw.

Her tactless methods made her aim obvious. She was jealous of every acquaintance whose daughters were married—even engaged—and she was often guilty of such little instances of petty spite as omitting to offer congratulations, neglecting to buy presents, and declining to attend the wedding.

But is she as much in evidence to-day? She may, and very probably does, still exist. Some mothers honestly believe it their duty to bring about a match which is all that could be desired in their own eyes; but surely we do not come across them so often, and eligible daughters are not "hawked round the marriage market" quite as much as they were.

Why? The match-making mother was a very ingenious person—in her own estimation. How is it that she did not continue to flourish?

NO CHAPERONS!

Undoubtedly she first began to lose ground when daughters dispensed with chaperons. The girl of to-day would, in all probability, know a good deal about a man before her mother knew anything at all.

Of what use is it, then, to say "the friendship must cease" simply because he does not possess a title or because his prospects are not of the brightest?

To check matters with any success they must be "nipped in the bud." The match-making mother could only hold her own when it remained with her to "nip" or foster as she pleased.

But here is an even better reason for the failure of the match-making mother. Men won't stand her!

And in these days of surplus women we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that it is the men who can afford to pick and choose.

They are not going to have any daughters—eligible or otherwise—thrown at them by scheming mothers.

After all, what chance has any girl—or any man, for that matter—of her or his romance being realised under forced conditions? The most ardent admirer is choked off after a month and the more casual acquaintance has had quite enough at the end of a fortnight.

To-day, with girls in business flying off to town in the morning and not returning until evening, most mothers see too little of their daughters to be over-anxious for them to marry and leave home.

And so the match-making mother is no more!

I don't think many people will regret her.

And she, too, ought not to regret the lapse of her functions. For every often she was bitterly blamed for the non-success of the matches she "made."

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dilion—sacrifice 62 19s. 6d.; approval.—Davis.
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Mr. R. H. Spooner, the famous cricketer, whose wife has had a son. She was formerly Miss Lowthorpe-Lutteridge.



Mme. Midsa, the first British prima donna to sing at the Opera House, Madrid, belongs to a well-known South African family.

"TINO."

The Worst Poem? — Sermon Brevity — German Films and Plays.

THE EX-KING of GREECE, universally known by the diminutive "Tino," which was the Kaiser's invention, died yesterday and, it is to be admitted, with but few friends outside his family circle. And there also a curious disparity existed, for while the ex-Queen was morose and downcast in exile, "Tino" did not seem to feel his position at all. His behaviour was that of a happy hotel guest, bent on making the best of what the day's amusements offered.

Special Terms.

The Villa Igica at Palermo, to which Tino went after his second abdication, is an hotel, and it is said that he secured special terms owing to the increased custom which his presence was likely to bring to the establishment. He was accompanied by a suite of twenty faithful followers who paid their own expenses.

Famous Hotel.

At the Palermo Hotel, which stands on a rocky portion of Sicily, much famed as a beauty spot, the ex-king had five rooms to himself. He used to go to the races, and in the evening he invariably played bridge in the public drawing-room. The late King Edward and Queen Alexandra once paid a visit to this same hotel.

A Real Conservative.

The Earl of Lonsdale is undoubtedly a real Conservative at heart, for I saw him dining at the Carlton the other night at the same table that he has invariably occupied ever since the place was opened! I noticed he keeps the deep points to his white waistcoat—which many men are now discarding—and, of course, he was faithful to his white flower buttonhole.

Yesterday's Wedding.

The wedding reception yesterday afternoon for Lady Mary Egerton and Mr. R. B. Boyd was held by the Countess of Wilton at her house in Park-street, Grosvenor-square. The house, which is not a large one, was very full. The guests toasted the happy pair in bumpers of champagne, and the bride replied very prettily. The Wilton residence is decorated in the latest style. The dining-room is jade green and the drawing-room a bright yellow.

The Oldest Newspaper.

Lloyd's List, as I stated the other day, is claimed to be the oldest newspaper with the exception of the *London Gazette*, but a correspondent writes to tell me of an older paper still, namely the *Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury*, founded in 1695 and still enjoying a "wide circulation" in the eastern Midlands.

Popular Novelist's Home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke make their home on the Continent nowadays, with Aix-les-Bains for their summer and Cannes their winter headquarters. They are giving a dance at the latter place in honour of Miss Sheila Baines, the young girl they have been taking about with them for the past two or three seasons.

Lucky Girl.

Miss Baines is not related to the Lockes, as many people imagine, but is the second daughter of Mrs. Baines of Clanricarde Gardens, who is a journalist. Miss Baines has been given a splendid time by Mr. and Mrs. Locke, and is much attracted by Continental life on the fashionable scale.



Mrs. W. J. Locke.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

M. Coué's Bust.

Before going to America M. Coué invited Mr. Jo Davidson, the famous American sculptor, who now lives in Paris and who has portrayed nearly all the best-known people in Europe, to visit him at Nancy. Mr. Davidson has done a bust of the famous doctor, and it has been sent to the States to be exhibited there during Dr. Coué's stay.

Siki's Lunch

Battling Siki is now appearing at one of the big Paris music halls, my correspondent tells me, but there is little enthusiasm for him turn among the audiences. The boxer gives a sparring exhibition, and tells the audience what a big appetite he has. At one meal among other things he polishes off a chicken and a couple of rabbits.

Rostand Trilogy.

"The Phoenix," Maurice Rostand's new play, produced in Paris this week, is the second of a trilogy. The first was "Glory," in which Sarah Bernhardt appeared last year, and the third is "The Sphinx," in which the great tragedienne was hoping to appear in her own theatre later in the year. One of the scenes in "The Phoenix" is laid in a theatre star's bedroom, and the bedroom of a famous Parisian actress, with all its luxury, has been reproduced on the stage.

Room to Entertain.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay is to come into the limelight as a dance hostess on a big scale, for she has just purchased Lord Dartmouth's large mansion in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, and as soon as it can be got ready will entertain there for her son and daughter. The latter, Miss Joyce Lindsay, came "out" a couple of years ago.

Coat Farm.

Mrs. Lindsay is a widow, and has lived for some time at her house in Charles-street, which is almost opposite her prospective new abode. During the war she lent it for an officers' hospital. One of her hobbies is a trifle unusual—goat farming.

German Film Activity.

The Germans are working hard to make Berlin the film centre of the world, says the *Film Center*, a cinematograph trade paper which has been investigating conditions. The German studios are full of activity. Not only are German producers busy, but English companies are utilising Berlin studios to make pictures, attracted by efficient studio organisation and the low rate of exchange. The Germans sell their goods in any currency except marks!

Super-History.

The Germans have produced some lavishly staged films, which will be shortly seen over here, the biggest being "Monna Vanna," Maeterlinck's play. Another super-production is "Lucrezia Borgia," in which Lucrezia is presented as a charming young woman, while other films well spoken of are "Peter the Great," based on Russian history, and "The Earl of Essex" alleged to be based on English history, but "improved" by the introduction of a happy ending!

Foreign Musical Plays.

London theatrical managers continue to show faith in foreign musical plays and foreign performers, though it is difficult to understand why, for there hasn't been a foreign success for years, except where the superlative quality of the British artist has come to the rescue. "The Last Waltz," for instance, is a personal triumph for José Collins and nothing else.

Safety First!

The excuse used to be that in the bad state of theatrical trade it was a measure of precaution for the London manager to buy a piece that had already been a success in some foreign capital. But we have now reached the stage when our managers commission foreigners to compose original musical plays for London. Let us hope at least that we shall be spared Turkish tenors and middle-aged Continental soubrettes.

What's in a Sermon?

Apropos of Queen Victoria's preference for short sermons, a story is told of a clergyman commanded to preach before her to whom a Court functionary gave the hint that, if he could keep his discourse within a ten-minutes' limit, her Majesty would be pleased. "But what," gasped the preacher, "can I possibly say in ten minutes?" "That," replied the Court functionary, "will be a matter of indifference to her Majesty."

The Critic in the Pew.

Queen Elizabeth had her own way of dealing with sermons of which she did not approve. In his "Short History of the English People" J. R. Green recalls how when Dean Nowell was denouncing from the pulpit the use of images the Queen called out, "Leave that alone, stick to your text, Master Dean, leave that alone!"

Origin of Picture Postcards.

The appearance of the ex-Kaiser's wedding picture postcard may remind us that the first picture postcards were issued during the Franco-German war. They were provided at one of the French camps for the benefit of illiterate conscripts from Brittany, and thousands of them were sold to officers as well as men.

Memel.

Memel, which is now threatened with a little war of its own, was, in 1915, the scene of a Cossack raid. Our histories of the war make no mention of the incident, which occurred on the eve of Mackensen's drive in Galicia; but the German papers raised a terrible outcry about it at the time.

Irish Records!

An Irish correspondent tells me that gramophone records in the Irish language have now been placed on the market. Moreover, many perverted patriots are arranging to learn the language of the Gael through the medium of the gramophone.



Miss Adrienne Brune, the clever young actress who is playing Jenny Diver in "Polly" at the Kingsway.



Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., who has designed the scenes for Sir J. Martin Harvey's "Via Crucis."

Essen.

It is hard to think of Essen, now about to be occupied by the French, as a walled city ruled by a princess abbeess, but that is what the place originally was. Indeed, the last princess abbeess of Essen died less than a hundred years ago—in 1826.

Krupp's Secret.

Industrial Essen owes its rise to Alfred Krupp who, at the age of fourteen, inherited a valuable industrial secret—that of making cast steel—as a legacy from his father. At once he left school and set to work on it, living on a very meagre stipend. "For my toil and pains at such an early age," he said afterwards, "I had no reward but the consciousness of doing my duty." Later, however, his reward was more than ample.

Actors' Suburb.

East Sheen has just acquired a distinguished new resident in Sir John Martin Harvey, who moved in a few days ago. The district appears to have a peculiar fascination for actors, and Sir John will have as near neighbours Mr. Frederick Volpé and Mr. Clifford Mollison. Mr. Franklyn Dyall at one time lived at East Sheen.

The Polka Again.

I hear that the old-fashioned polka is re-appearing at private dances. Its turn on the programme is always given a warm welcome, and not only by the youngsters. A real good polka romp is said to be as good for the liver as an hour in the saddle!

THE RAMBLER.

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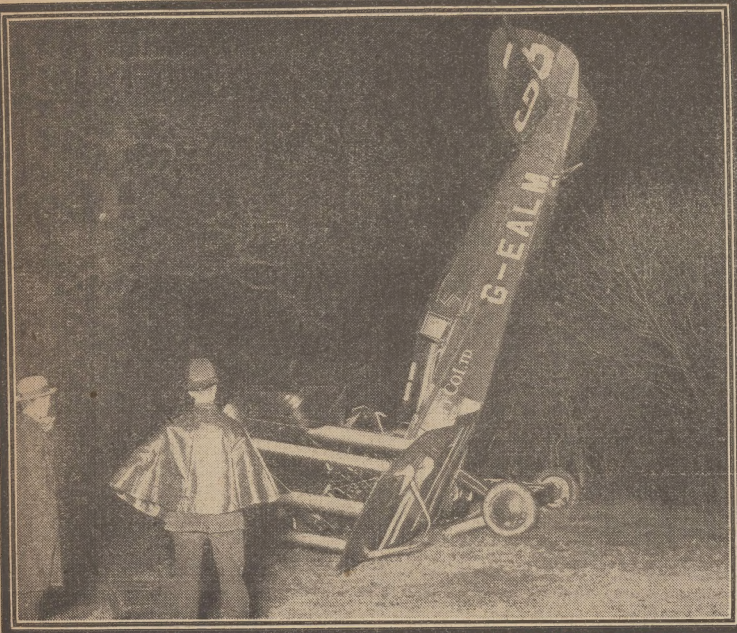
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BRITISH AEROPLANE'S FATAL DIVE



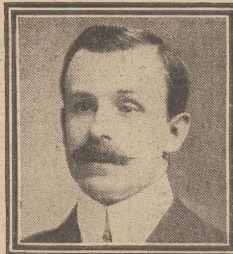
The wrecked aeroplane standing on end and guarded by police after the fatal nose-dive.



Flight Mechanic E. Burnett, of Kingsbury, who was dangerously injured, being rendered unconscious with a fractured skull.



Mr. Leslie Arnell, one of the mechanics, who, with the pilot, Captain R. E. Keys, D.F.C., was killed instantly.



Flight Mechanic G. Hawke, of West Hendon, who was rescued from the wrecked aeroplane suffering from internal injuries.

Two men, the pilot and a mechanic, were killed in an accident to an aeroplane which crashed near Stanmore, Middlesex, after leaving Stag-lane Aerodrome, Edgware, for a test flight, with a pilot and four mechanics aboard. The machine appeared to nose-dive from a height of 300 feet.



YOUNG HOPEFULS.—Two tiny tots who entered for the polka competition at the children's matinee held yesterday at the Connaught Rooms in aid of the Blind Babies' Homes.



DUBLIN WEDDING.—Dr. F. W. A. Stott and his bride, Kathleen Florence, daughter of Sir James and Lady Percy, married at the Presbyterian Church, Adelaide-road, Dublin.

RIVIERA TENNIS—ON THE COU



Lord Charles Hope and Miss Hunnewell study the score sheets between sets.



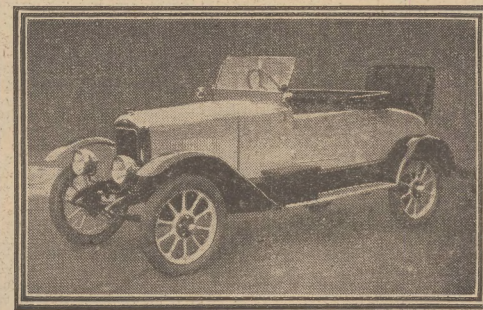
Lady Dashwood and Miss Ryan (right) getting ready to start a game.



Mr. Richard Viner, Miss Chan



GREEK REVOLUTION LEADERS.—Colonel Plastaris (left) and Colonel Gonatas (right) are the two main leaders of the revolutionary movement in Greece, entering Athens in triumph.



One of the motor-cars also given as prizes.



Andrew Don
tennis char

TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Monday next is the final date on which entries will be accepted for the All-England Table Tennis Championships organised by the

S AT CANNES



Miss Berry and Miss Sheila Baines.

...ty and in lawn tennis circles.

RESTITUTION



A studio portrait of Mrs. Parriss.



Mrs. Elsie Parriss, of Edgware, outside the Law Courts yesterday after being granted an order for the restitution of conjugal rights.—(*Daily Mirror*.)

SONS' TRIBUTES TO THEIR MOTHERS



Sir George Beaumont, Bart. (on right), who in a speech to his tenantry said he had remained single because he had never met a woman whom he loved more than his mother. Inset is Mrs. Houlton, of Mansfield, the ninety-four years old mother of the M.P. for East Nottingham, described by him as "the best mother in the world."



CHILLY ENTHUSIASTS.—Spectators at skating races on Lake Placid, New York, America's winter sports centre, huddled on the stand at the finishing point.



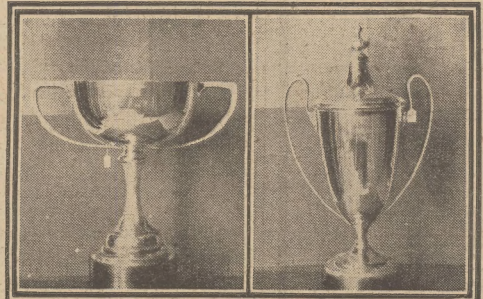
SOLE SURVIVOR.—Harold William Simpson, who was the only survivor of a crew of six aboard the fishing smack *Splendour*, sunk recently in the North Sea. He was rescued by the Cunard liner *Antonia*.



£100,000 OFFER.—Jackie Coogan, the seven-years-old film star, has been offered £100,000 cash and 60 per cent. profits to make four films for the corporation including Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford.



HOSPITAL GIVEN.—Lord Tredegar, who has given a country mansion between Newport and Cardiff to the King Edward VII. Welsh Memorial Association. It will be used as a hospital for tubercular patients.



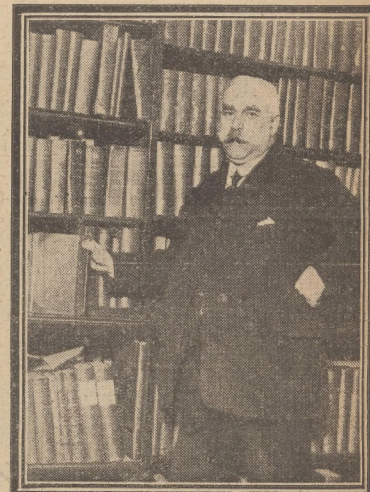
The championship cups for men (left) and women.

...e present table
...reat Britain.

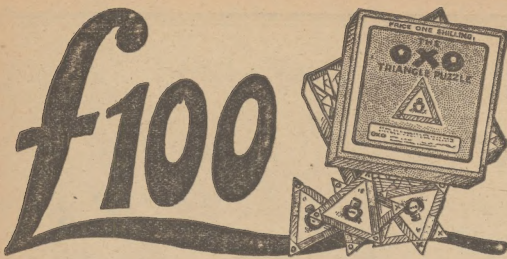
Daily Mirror. Special arrangements, details of which will be found on another page, have been made for eleventh-hour entries. But send yours now!



THE OLDEST SWIMMER?—Dr. Richard Hoynes, of Boston, who claims that at seventy-five years of age he is the oldest active swimmer, and challenges any rivals.



FIFTY-TWO YEARS LIBRARIAN.—Mr. J. Frowde, who has retired after thirty-three years as chief librarian at Bermondsey. He has completed fifty-two years' service in public libraries.



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Post your application at once, and see if you can solve the puzzle.

Each application must be accompanied by the wrapper from a 1s. 11d. (or larger) bottle of OXO and two 1d. stamps for postage. Address OXO Ltd., 39 Thames House, London, E.C.4

In order to give competitors an equal chance all puzzles will be despatched on the same day, on or about the 20th January, 1923.

If more than one correct solution is received within the period allowed by the rules the £100 will be equally divided among the senders thereof.



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ALL good, left-off Clothing Wanted; cash or offer.—Mrs. Aves, 47, Peas-hill-road, Nottingham.

AT METAL CO. buys old Silver 2s. 6d., Gold £4 oz., Platinum £12 oz.—A. Kenish Town-end, N.W. 1.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought at 20 per cent. more than other firms; no misleading prices; call or post.—The London Teeth Co., Dept. P.D., 55, Baker-st., W. 1.

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CONDITION no object: wanted ladies' gent's, children's cast-off clothing, furs; cash same day.—Pearce and Co., 22, Gt. Russell-st., Bloomsbury, London.

HIGH price paid for old jewellery, diamonds, gold, silver, antiques, plated goods, dental plates; cheques same day.—Stanley's Galleries, 33 Oxford-st., London.

WANTED, Coloured Prints, by Baxter, Le-Bland, and others; loose or in old scrap books; pocket diaries, music, etc.; private collector.—Powis, Floodgate-street, Birmingham.

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Take a bit of the
Old Country with you.

Old readers of *The Daily Mirror* who contemplate emigrating should place a subscription direct at the Head Office, which will ensure the delivery of a copy through the post every week.

Subscription rates for six months post paid to Canada 16s. Elsewhere £1 1s. 6d. The Manager, Overseas Weekly Mirror, 23, 9, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

PETS AS "BALL-FINDERS."

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Most people seem to be playing table tennis these days, and the pets—like you perhaps—hope one day to be "champions" at the game. In order to get a few "tips" Pip, Squeak and Wilfred attended a local table-tennis contest last night, and they were very flattered, on arriving there, to be appointed official "ball-finders." It was not long, however, as you will see, before they were ignominiously (sorry to use such a long word, but I can't think of a better) turned out of that interesting position. It was Wilfred's fault, and this is how it happened.

There is no ball, I suppose, that likes hiding itself more under chairs, sofas and other dark and awkward places than a table-tennis ball. It

delights in getting itself lost, so that the players have to spend several minutes searching for it. Pip and Squeak, who were supposed to collect these runaway balls, were so interested in the game that they forgot to look for them. Little Wilfred, however, found every one, and thought they were being thrown at him for his own especial benefit!

Soon, of course, the players had to stop—there were no more balls. And after a search the little rabbit was found in a corner playing a sort of "marble" game with the missing "balls" and thoroughly enjoying himself.

I am not a champion table-tennis player myself, but, when I do play, I like to remove all chairs, sofas, stools and other objects from the room. Otherwise the game is chiefly "Come and find me," and it is rather tiring to keep crawling about on one's hands and knees.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A Rather Inquisitive Reader Writes to Me.

ALMOST every one of the many letters I receive each day contains at least one question; but this week I have had a letter which needs more answers than a whole page of riddles! This is what my inquisitive niece (or is it nephew?) says:—

"Dear Uncle Dick,—What about Uncle Gus? We never hear anything of him now. Where is he living? In France or England? Have you paid Peter's licence yet? Popski does not appear much now. Have you had any letters concerning him? What has happened to Loopy, the sad plum-pudding dog? Does old Pip like fish? Who can swim the quickest, Pip or Squeak? How old are the dogs now? I expect Pip is the eldest. I have not a notion of what you are like. I should fancy you are something like this." (The portrait of a strikingly handsome young man is stuck on to the letter just at that point.) "Am I anywhere near? Are you quite as solemn as that?—Yours truly, G. Deacon."

I think such a persistent questioner deserves an answer. I will answer each question in turn.

PETER AND POPSKI.

1.—Uncle Gus, I am happy to say, is still in the best of health. He is at present spending a jolly holiday in Switzerland.

2.—Yes, I have paid Peter's licence.

3.—No, I haven't heard of Popski for some time, and I don't want to, thank you.

4.—Loopy, the sad plum-pudding dog, called on the pets only the other day. He was actually wagging his tail, and from sheer light-headedness he chased the dustman all round the garden, and bit a piece out of his coat. Loopy is now a "carriage dog"; he rides out with his mistress nearly every day, and I often see him enjoying an airing in the park.

A FINE SWIMMER.

5.—Pip is not very fond of fish, although he will eat it when hungry. He prefers a good meaty bone.

6.—Squeak can swim better than either of the other pets. In fact, she is a beautiful swimmer, and can dive like a seal.

7.—Pip and Squeak are now over four years old, and Wilfred is—but no one knows how old Wilfred is.

8.—Thank you for drawing that charming portrait of me, but I am afraid I don't look a bit like that. My hair does not sweep back like a golden mane; my nose is not nearly so straight, and my ear is not near the back of my head, as your picture suggests. No, I don't think I'm so solemn, I hope not!

SOLUTIONS.

Did you manage to solve the "hidden names" puzzle I showed you yesterday. Here are the correct answers. You can compare them with your own, and see if you were right. Mail: Ada, 2; Alice, 3; Una, 4; Mair, 5; the Petard, 6; Ellen, 7; Nora, 8; Joan.

TO END CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal remedy that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from their ear.

Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises, catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or a bad catarrhal cough, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps from total deafness.

The prescription can easily be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—

From your chemist get 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessertspoons of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this efficacious home treatment.

Karmold Tablets remove all poisons from the system—cure constipation. Make you look and feel fine. Try them. Easy and pleasant to take. Is. 3d. all Chemists.—(Adv.)

HEADACHES TOOTHACHE

and ALL ACHES and PAINS Quickly Relieved and Cured FREE

There is hardly a home in the world where pain does not occur frequently—someone suffering from an attack of Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatic Pains, or any of the painful minor ailments that attack the human body. Think what it would mean to be able to relieve every sufferer in your home! And here is a simple remedy that banishes pain in a few minutes. To prove this we will send you—

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Antikamnia Tablets.

Members of the medical profession from every part of the world report that Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief from the pains of Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache and women's aches and pains.

There are no unpleasant after-effects from taking Antikamnia Tablets, which are entirely harmless. Test these claims for yourself—send your name and address on a postcard to the Antikamnia Tablet Dept. (A.L.) 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. You will receive a generous trial package and an interesting book containing medical evidence free of charge.

Full Sample Trial Package 1/3 post free.

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Highly concentrated, a dab of Musterole (less than a penny's worth) spreads over chest and throat. First you feel a warm tingling, then a delicious, soothing sensation and quick relief.

No need to muffle your chest with bulky padding or wadding. Use Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu."

Keep a jar handy for instant use. Recommended, used by physicians and nurses.

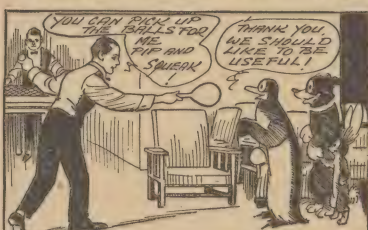
Of all chemists; a 2/6 jar often lasts a family for months.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
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MILLER'S



WILFRED 'COLLECTS' BALLS AT TABLE TENNIS CONTEST



1. Visiting a local table tennis tournament, the pets were appointed official "ball-finders."



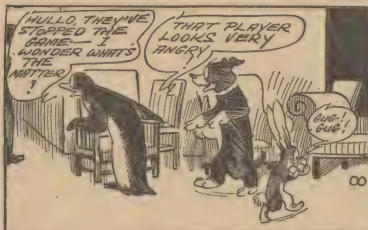
2. "We'll stand behind these chairs," said Squeak, "as the balls seem to fly rather fast."



3. Soon a ball shot past the chairs—straight into Wilfred's paws. He was delighted.



4. Pip and Squeak quite forgot their duty as "ball-finders," and Wilfred started a "collection."

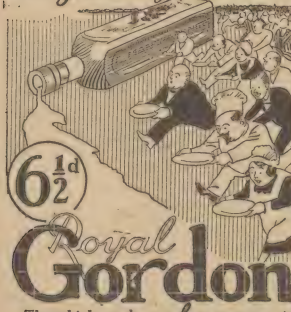


5. At last the players had no more balls, and the contest came to a sudden stop.



6. Imagine their indignation when the champions found the little rabbit playing "marbles" with them!

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Sore throat and distressing pains in the chest are common ailments during the winter months and often lead to serious illness unless checked immediately.

At the very first sign of hoarseness or pain you cannot do better than apply Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates instantly, no rubbing, warms and soothes the affected parts, and gives at once a feeling of ease and comfort that is most welcome to the sufferer. Kept handy, and used everywhere to

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LADIES' BOUDOIR

THE BEDROOM BEAUTIFUL—TENNIS TEAS.



Here you see a cheerful little suit for early spring days and a ribbon-trimmed hat.

SOME of the most "drastic reductions" I've noticed during these thrilling weeks of sales have been in that most fascinating of departments devoted to cushions, bolsters and eiderdowns. So now is the time to set about doing-up and brightening your bedroom-boudoir.

MAKE IT BRIGHT.

Lay in a stock of prettily-coloured cushion covers and plain flock filled shapes. Then the next time you are compelled to stay in your room with a cold or are enjoying that delicious period known as convalescence you can turn it into a bower of brightness.

THE BOLSTER SLIP.

Choose slips for your pillows that match the colour and decorative scheme of the silken quilt. White linen is not inspiring when you are faced with it every day, but gay little floss-silk oranges embroidered on a deep blue and lemon background will do you more good than the real ones that go to flavour the calves' foot jelly. Have a nice bolster slip of down that goes comfily between the shoulders, and let it have long soft ends hanging down on either side of the bed.

FASHIONABLE GAME.

Have you noticed how the social world is rapidly succumbing to the fascination of table tennis? West End restaurants are already catering for the game, and in the stationers' shops you may buy



She makes up for the sobriety of her terracotta coat by a cape lining of flamboyant colourings.

special table tennis "At Home" cards embellished with neat little crossed rackets in one corner. Lady Chrichley is interesting herself in a novel idea for table tennis in aid of the National Institute for the Blind.

HAVE COLOUR IN CHEEKS.

Sparkling Eyes—Be Better Looking.

YOU CAN, SAYS WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY.

If you want to look and feel young, have a clear complexion, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, you must cleanse the stomach, liver and bowels occasionally with a little Karmoid, says a well-known authority. If the stomach is not kept sweet and clean, the system becomes filled with a poisonous waste that enters the blood, ruins the complexion and makes us ill.

It is surprising in such cases what a little Karmoid will do and the buoyant feeling and wonderful radiant complexion that it brings. Thousands of beautiful women owe their lovely skin and good health to the magic of these pleasant little tablets.

Many people who suffer from internal poisoning could be strong and well if they would simply keep their stomach and bowels sweet and clean by taking a little Karmoid occasionally. Constipation, headache, bad breath, sallow complexion, stomach trouble, poor blood and that tired, no-good feeling can be entirely overcome by its use. Karmoid removes the sluggish impurities from the blood that gather to cause pimples, rash, blotches and complexion blemishes. It strengthens the digestive organs, sweetens the breath and stomach and promotes healthy action of the liver. Colour comes to the cheeks and the skin becomes beautifully white and radiant, and you look and feel fine. They are truly a complexion marvel. You can get Karmoid tablets from any Chemist. They are pleasant to take and cost little. (Advt.)

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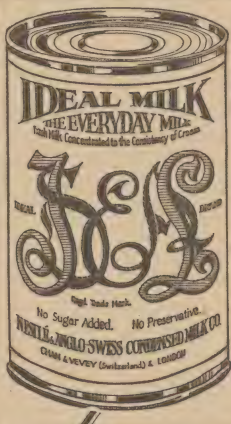
FREE COPY of "Mind Music" etc. and Key-board for a postcard (Mr. Miss, Rev. or Mr., and one word to suit your case). Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, or Advanced. **MR. H. BECKLER**, 36 Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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ADELPHI—The Island King. W. H. Berry. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Weds. Sat. 2.15. (Ger. 2645).
ADLOPHY—(Ger. 3929). Evgs 8.15. TONS OF MONEY. Nightly, 8.15. Evgs 8.30. When Knights Were Bold.
ALEXANDRIA PALACE THEATRE—CINDERELLA. Twice Daily, 2.15, 7.30. 5s. 3d. to 1s. 3d.
AMBASSADORS—Pinner's "SWEET LAVENDER". Nightly, 8.30. Mats. Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
APOLLO—(Ger. 7355, 3243). THROUGH THE CRACK. Xmas Play. Daily, at 2.30. Last 2 MATINEES.
APOLLO—LAST OF THE HIGH STREET. Nightly, 8.30. Evgs 8.30. When Knights Were Bold.
APOLLO—(Ger. 3243). PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY in A Fool and Four Walls. Tues. next, at 8.
COMEDY—Every Evening, at 8.30. SECRETS. Play Compton, Leon Quartermine. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.
COURT—(Ger. 849). Justice Daily, at 2. Alice in Wonderland. Evgs. 8.30. When Knights Were Bold.
COVENT GARDEN—British National Opera Co. To-night, 8.30. Marriage of Figaro. Sat. 2.15. Hansa. 7.45. Faust. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Tues. Sat. 2.30.
CRITICISM—THE DIBBLES. (Ger. 7434).
DAILY—8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. THE LADY OF THE ROSE. 11. Wright, H. Welchman, J. Tremand, P. Dars.
DRURY LANE—(Ger. 2888). DRAGON NIGHTS. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.15.
BURKE OF YORK—Masterpiece THE LITTLE MID. TWICE DAILY, at 2.15 and 7.30. (Ger. 313).
EMPIRE—(Ger. 3527). Godfrey Tattle in "ALLIQUIN". Nightly, at 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
CAIETY—8.15. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALZ. By Oscar Straus. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
CARRICK—Evgs. 8.30. Mon. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "HONEY". Leslie Gerard, Robert Hale. Smoking. (60th Perf.)
GLOBE—8.30. THE LAUGHING LADY. Marie Lehn. Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
GOLDENS GREEN—HIPPODROME—Thurs. Hall in The Broken Wing. Nightly, 8.30. 8.45. Hamp. 8.10.
HAYMARKET—To-night, at 8.30. THE DOVER ROAD. Henry Ainley. Mats. Sat. at 2.30. Last Week.
HAYMARKET—Wed. Next, at 8. "PLUS FOUR".
HIPPODROME—Daily, 2 and 7.45. CINDERELLA. Stanley Lupino, Clarice Mayne and Star Cast. (Ger. 650).
HIS MAJESTY—Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
HOLBORN EMPHIRE—Today and Daily, at 2.30. Mats. Only. "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS." (Hoi. 5367).
KENNINGTON—Cinderella. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.45. Jocellies, 10.10. How to Succeed in Love.
KINGSWAY—Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. "POLLY"—The Sequel to "The Beggar's Opera".
LITTLE—(Recent 2401). THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE. Evgs. 8. Mats. Mon. Thurs. Sat. 2.45. Incl. Mat.
LYCEUM—Fantomine—Robinson Crusoe. Twice Daily, and 7. 7a. 6d. to 1s. incl. tax. (Ger. 7617).
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LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
MASKELYNE'S THEATRE—Near Oxford Circus. Mats. and 9. The Man of Mystery. PE. 30.
NEW—(Rev. 4466). Nightly, at 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. MATHEW LANG in THE GREAT WALL.
NEW OXFORD—Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. BATTING BUTLER. Jack Buchanan, Peggy Kell.
PLAYBOX THEATRE—Daily, at 8.15. Mats. Sat. 2.30. "Balk and the Big Head" and "Maurice's Own Idea".
PLAYHOUSE—THE PRIVATE SECRETARY. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.45. (Ger. 2910).
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REGENCY—Daily, at 2.30. For the Children's Holiday. Last 5 Performances of THE CHRISTMAS.
ROYALTY—(Ger. 3885). CHATELAIN'S AUNT. Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.15.
ST. JAMES'S—To-day and Daily, at 2. "PETER PAN". Sing Best as Peter. For the Children's Holiday.
ST. JAMES'S—THE HAPPY ENDING. By Ian Hay. Evgs. 8.30. ROBERT LOVING and OTHER LIVING.
ST. MARTIN'S—SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES? At 8.15. LOYALTIES. 9. Mats. Fri. and Sat. 2.15.



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SHAFESBURY—Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A New Play entitled "The Cat and the Canary".
STEINWAY HALL—(May. 282). Children Matinees. JEAN STEINWAY MACLINAY. Daily, 2.30. Last 8 Days.
STRAND—(Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER in TREASURE ISLAND. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8.
VAUDEVILLE—8.30. Mats. Mon. Sat. 2.30. "SHE". MAIRIE GAY, J. Nightingale, R. Royston, H. Mundin.
VICTORIA PALACE—(Vic. 5282). To-day and Every Afternoon, at 2.30. THE WINDMILL.
WINTER GARDEN—"THE CABARET GIRL". Nightly, at 8. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2.15.
WYNDHAM'S—Nightly, at 8.15. Gerald de Maestier in BULL-DOG DRUMMOND. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA—2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. Talbot O'Farrell. Grottoque Jovier, Phillip Aitchison, Sara Melita, etc.
COLISEUM—(Ger. 7540). 2.30, 7.45. Grock, Alfred, Victor, Marie Danon, Vera Lavrova, Ben Hughes, etc.
LONDON PAVILION—Ger. 7.30, 8.30. 2.30, 7.30. Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood.
NEW GALLERY—6-11 Continuum. RICHARD BARD. TIMELESS IN EXPERIENCE. Prices: 1s. 3d.-5s. (incl. p.).
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PILGRIMMOND HALL—Climbing Mount Everest. Films.
POLY CINEMA—Oxford-cir. 7.30. 1s. 3d. to 8d. "Three Musketeers". 2.5, 5.5, 8.5. and Chaplin Comedy.
SEA LA (NEW)—The 1000 Men of the Apocalypse. Film record of Shakespeare's Southward on the "Quest".
SILL PICTURE—Evgs. 8.30. 10.30. "The 1000 Men of the Apocalypse".
TEATRE—Theatre, Strand. What's Wrong with the Women? Chaplin in "Pay Day". etc. Daily, 2.11.

CIRCUSES.

CIRCUS AND XMAS FAIR, OLYMPIA—Daily, to Jan. 20. 8.30 and 9.15. Hammersmith 270 and 280.
CRYSTAL PALACE CIRCUS AND RACE TRACK, 2.30, 7.30, Daily to JAN. 20. Children under 12 half-price.

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H REAL Navy Serge and Flannel, 1s. 11d. 2s. 6d. 3d.; pants, froc.—Bosmont's, Contractors, Portsmouth.

THE WAY OF SACRIFICE

By E. ALMAZ
STOUT

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MRS. WOOD, an invalid not likely to live much longer, is very anxious for her daughter Primrose to marry Sir Stanley Bircam, the Squire of Whitcomb. To her delight the two become very fond of each other, so that the announcement of their engagement is expected. But Helen Dale, a wonderfully beautiful girl, appears on the scene and to Mrs. Wood's dismay, sweeps Sir Stanley right off his feet. Mrs. Wood discovers that Sir Stanley is in the army—temporarily at any rate—while Helen, and for her daughter's sake she determines to make Helen Dale go away before it is too late. She begs her to do this, but the girl refuses. Then Mrs. Wood tells her an amazing story of how Primrose's father went to goal for theft to save Garth Dale, Helen's father. At first Helen refuses to believe the story, but Mrs. Wood has convincing proof of it in the form of a letter. At last the elder woman states the terms. "It is your happiness against Primrose's," she says. "Give her back her lover, and not a word of what I have told you shall ever pass my lips again. If you don't, all the world shall know your father for the thief and coward he is!" Helen declines, after a big struggle, to sacrifice her happiness in order to save her father from disgrace. She writes a letter to Sir Stanley which gives the impression that she can never really care for him. Mrs. Wood dies, but just before she has seen Primrose married to Sir Stanley, whose proposal was accepted chiefly by sympathy. At the time goes by Primrose begins to realize that her husband does not really love her. Colonel Wynne, a friend of Stanley's, visits Whitcomb Court. On first seeing Primrose and before he knows who she is he falls in love with her. Primrose decides to leave Whitcomb. She does not tell her husband where she is going. After a considerable time Wynne finds Primrose and tries to bring husband and wife together again. He arranges a meeting between them, but Stanley fails to turn up. He is knocked down by a lorry and very seriously injured about the head. Primrose is summoned in haste to the Nursing Home where Stanley has been taken.

"I HAVE NO WIFE."

YOUTH and skill and ceaseless care had saved Stanley's life. His body had slowly recovered a certain amount of vitality and strength, but his mind remained a blank. It had been many days before the doctors could believe the glimmer of hope, that had been lighted the day following the accident, could be kindled into a flame. When at last Stanley's eyes opened wide to the outside world, he said, in a low, hollow voice: "Where are all the other fellows?" The nurse was by his side in a moment, the nurse with the sweet, plain face, who had been in close attendance all the time. "The other fellows are in the next room," she replied soothingly. He fixed great vacant eyes on her, and then turned away again. "Baines!" His voice grew stronger. "Baines, I say, keep your head down! Haven't I told you a hundred times they'll get you if you don't!" Nurse Field had not served in a military hospital for four and a half years for nothing. "That's all right, major. Baines is safe enough."

"Good," Stanley's voice fell to a sort of murmur. "Good enough, Sergeant Baines, can't afford to lose him."

A few minutes later Doctor Treloar was in the room. At Primrose's urgent request he had agreed to look after Stanley, under Sir John's supervision. The nurse explained the situation in a few words. It was the first time Stanley had spoken, and it was obvious he was back in scenes that had occurred years ago.

Dr. Treloar gave a soothing dose, which soon sent him to sleep, and the babble of talk and cries ceased. But as the days went on, the doctor felt more and more distinctly that Stanley's brain was badly affected. The whole of the time since he had been wounded by the mine explosion on the Somme in 1917 had been wiped out. He was back, in his belief, in the hospital in which he had awakened in Boulogne.

Any suggestion that he was not brought on such excitement that the doctors insisted that he must not be contradicted. "You must humour him," Sir John said sternly. "If you don't, I won't answer for the consequences. Let him think it's 1917. Let him talk of what he believes are his recent experiences. Don't contradict him."

In this task of humouring him, Dick Wynne became a past master. He had been through so many similar experiences to Stanley, had even spent some months in the same battalion with him, so that when he referred to men and places he had known before he was wounded, he could do so without fear of making a slip.

One day, however, a night nurse had been taken ill suddenly, and temporary nurse from outside had been engaged. She failed to realise the urgency of her instructions; for when Stanley asked her, during the night, how the war was going on, she carelessly answered that it was over.

His excitement frightened her, and she realised what a false step she had made. "When did it stop?" he cried. "Great heavens! Don't tell me it's stopped because the Germans won!"

"No, no," she answered soothingly, alarmed

at the effects of her own inadvertence. "We won—the Allies won, of course."

"We won?" He tried to sit up in bed with blazing eyes. "But how could we? Did a miracle happen?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose it did. If you'll lie down and go to sleep, the doctor or someone else will explain all about it to you in the morning."

The excitement had exhausted his strength and he huddled down in the bed.

"Yes, yes, I'll ask Dick. Dick'll tell me."

But when the morning came he had forgotten the incident of the night. He was back in Boulogne, back in the Army hospital, crying out for his men, asking for those who would never answer his call again.

One day, about a month after the accident, he attracted the notice of Nurse Field and pointed to Primrose, who was sitting in an easy chair in the corner, with a book in her lap.

Now that Stanley was out of immediate danger she only went into his room at stated times. She felt she had no real right there. If he had had full possession of his senses, she would not be there at all.

"Who is that sitting over there, nurse? She's often here, but she hasn't got a uniform like you."

The nurse hesitated. She was a woman of rare understanding, and she read into Primrose's quiet face and haunted eyes something of the grief that filled her heart. Dare she try an experiment?

"That lady," she said, very softly and clearly, "is your wife, Lady Bircam."

"Oh, don't be foolish, nurse," he answered,



"I understand Sir Stanley does not remember that you are his wife," said the great brain specialist. He looked at Primrose searchingly. "That makes things easier," was her enigmatical answer. "As his nurse I shall be able to do

almost peevishly. "Who's been telling you I'm married? I haven't got a wife."

Nurse Field turned apologetic eyes to Primrose. You well, well, though you don't want a wife, you want nurses, you know. Wouldn't you like that lady to help nurse you? You know she did sometimes, when you were worse."

"I shouldn't mind," he whispered. Very quietly Primrose got up and went out of the room. She felt choking. But she must make no sign. Whatever happened she must not break down.

Yet it was a high unbearable to watch Stanley, with his once clear brain, growing daily a little stronger in body, but with his mind hopelessly clouded and muddled.

This surely was the worst thing that could have happened to him! Stanley himself would have chosen death a dozen times in preference to such a fate.

She paced up and down her room, wondering what the end was going to be, and then a messenger came up to her that Sir John Seer was waiting to see her.

She went down to the matron's private room and found the big surgeon talking to Dr. Treloar.

Good morning, Lady Bircam," Sir John said. "I want to talk to you about your husband. I am not going to conceal from you that Dr. Treloar and I are very anxious, very anxious indeed. He is not making the improvement that, after his first rally, we had hoped for. But we may have missed something that is of vital importance. We want your consent to bring Sir William Morand, the big brain specialist, to see him."

Of course, I shall be only too grateful to consult anyone who may help."

"That's all right, then. I have made a provisional appointment with him for to-morrow. We are going to X-ray Sir Stanley this afternoon. It won't hurt him to be wheeled into the X-ray room. The plates can be developed at once, and what they show may be of assistance to Sir William to-morrow."

At Primrose's urgent request Dick Wynne

came to the home the next day while the examinations were going on.

"It will be so ghastly waiting," she said, "and I can bear it better if you are with me."

During the last few weeks Dick had aged several years in appearance. He had had a big mental fight with himself. He had had to school himself to face the prospect of being called on constantly to act the part of friend and brother to the young man who had the power to set all his pulses leaping.

He had to try to kill the love which, coming somewhat late into his life, had taken possession of every part of his being.

THE VERDICT.

WHILE they waited downstairs for the doctors, who seemed an interminable time, Dick tried to make Primrose talk, to take her thoughts away from her husband.

"I heard from Miss Dale this morning," she said suddenly.

Dick's eyes hardened. Any mention of Helen Dale always made him stiffen.

She says her father is much better. They are in the Isle of Wight, you know."

"I knew Mr. Dale had been ill and that they had left London for a time. Has she—has she been here at all?"

Primrose shook her head. "No, I wrote and told her about Stanley long ago and asked her if she would like to see him. I told her, of course, that he was unconscious and wouldn't know her."

She said she couldn't leave her father at the time. Ah—here they come."

Unconsciously she rose to her feet, as heavy footsteps were heard along the passage, and her already pale face went ashen.

What was the verdict going to be?

Both Dick's and her heart sank when they saw the grave faces of the three doctors. Dick made a movement as if to go outside, but almost like a child, Primrose slipped her hand into his. "Please stay, Dick," she whispered.

His hand gripped hers tightly as she turned and said, with the calm that had characterised her all her life. "Please tell me the truth."

"It's what we must do," Sir John answered. But even his voice was not quite even. "The result of our joint examination is not very hopeful. I had hoped an operation might be possible, but the X-ray pictures show that I was too optimistic. The injury to the brain is too close to a vital spot."

You have seen yourself the occasional helplessness of his left limbs. That is likely to increase."

The four men showed signs of uneasiness. It is not easy to pass or to listen to a death warrant of all hopes.

"Insane!" she repeated. "Yes," he said gently. "It is my plain duty to warn you that a very small thing might make it essential to move him away from you altogether. He must not be crossed or contradicted in any way or I won't answer for the consequences."

"He must be guarded by people who can absolutely be relied on to humour him."

Dick looked at her, pride filling his heart. And once again he registered the vow that he would never fail her.

"I understand you have a quiet home in the Cotswold Hills. The very place to take him. As soon as he is strong enough to be moved I strongly advise you to take him there. I understand Sir Stanley does not remember you are his wife?"

"No. That makes things easier," was her enigmatical answer. "As his nurse I shall be able to do far more for him."

Later, when the two famous doctors drove away, Sir William turned to his colleague.

"What did that very capable young woman mean when she said she could do more for that poor fellow as his nurse than as his wife?"

"I don't know," Sir John said slowly. But he thought he did know all the same.

(Another long instalment to-morrow.)

A New Home Treatment for Making Straight Hair Wavy and Fluffy.

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which has unfortunately been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruin of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from the terrible instrument, the curling iron. Imagine if you can how the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one of us has of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls created by the hot iron are the hairs' dying contortions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of salmerine, and pour about two tablespoonfuls into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight, wispy tails will be converted into pretty curls giving a charming effect even to a plain face.

A PLEASANT REFLECTION.

Some weeks ago she bought a tin of pure Mercolized Wax.

She was in despair about her complexion. Her pretty features ruined by a coarse, muddy skin. No dainty frocks or careful hairdressing could make her look really attractive. She tried a number of expensive face creams without the least good result.

But Mercolized Wax was different. From the first she saw that it acted on a new principle. She persevered with it. Gradually the old discoloured outer skin was invisibly rubbed off by the wax, and a new skin was revealed. Now her complexion is as exquisitely soft and clear as a child's.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

She is off to a dance to-night. And the final glimpse in the mirror gives her no cause for dissatisfaction. Pink is a lovely colour for her perfect skin. But now she must happily admit to herself that it only serves to enhance the brilliant rose and white of her own cheeks.

"I AM GROWING MORE AND MORE BEAUTIFUL" IT DEPENDS ON YOU.

"If only," a woman said to me the other day, "one could apply the Coué method to one's personal appearance!" Fancy just saying, "I am growing more and more beautiful"—and actually becoming so!

I do not know whether auto-suggestion could actually change the texture and colour of hair and skin; but I know, as every sensible woman knows, that beauty is almost entirely a matter of personal care and development.

The loveliest women look no better than a hag if she lets her hair get dishevelled and dusty and her complexion muddy. But the technically "plain" woman can be a perpetual delight to the eye if she takes pains with her hair and brings out her best points by constant grooming and burnishing. Hair is especially important. Beautiful hair can be obtained by sheer hard work—constant burnishing with clean stiff brushes, the application of good tonic with these signs of dandruff or falling out—and above all a good shampoo used once a fortnight. The best of all shampoos is one made of stallax granules. It is pre-eminently the scientific shampoo. The many women who use it are its best recommendation—women whose bright, thick, wavy hair shows that they know the best way to develop and preserve the natural beauty of their locks.

FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

No woman who has any sense of beauty will deny that superfluous hair is one of the greatest drawbacks to good looks.

Realising this, women of all times have put themselves to any expense, and have endured considerable pain and discomfort in order to rid themselves of this great disfigurement.

Nowadays electrolysis is a prevalent "cure" for this evil, but in reality this process involves a great deal of unnecessary expense, waste of time and pain.

The simplest, quickest and most effective treatment can easily be carried out by any sufferer, in the privacy of her home. This is the recipe:

Take about 1 oz. powdered phenol from your chemist; mix a sufficient quantity with a few drops of water into a stiff paste. Apply this carefully and thoroughly to the hair you wish to remove, and allow the paste to dry. In a few minutes it can be gently scraped away. The skin is left absolutely free from hair, should then be carefully washed in warm water, and if desired, lightly dusted with a little talcum powder.

Pleanta soap for the complexion. Is, all chemists.—(Adv.)

L. B. Rees Rides Two Winners at Tenby Races.

domestic reasons, has been granted a free transfer by Hartlepool United. He has been with that club as centre forward about a year, and had previously played for West Ham United.

"POST" ENTRIES FOR TABLE TENNIS.

Last Chance to Compete in Our Great Contest.

FUR COAT AS PRIZE.

How You Can Enter Without Waiting for a Form.

To-day is practically the last opportunity readers have of entering *The Daily Mirror* All-British Table Tennis Championships.

Entries close finally on Monday, and there is barely sufficient time in which intending competitors can now apply for forms and return them completed. In order that no one shall be prevented from competing through lack of time, a special method of entering the competitions has been decided on.

An entry form will be filled in at "The Daily Mirror" office for anyone who sends to-day on a postcard his (or her) full name, address, county and club (if any). State whether "Mr.", "Mrs." or "Miss."

All such postcards will be accepted as valid entries, and the completed entry forms will be forwarded to the organisers of the areas in which entrants reside.

Women competitors will be interested to learn that, in deference to the wishes of a large number of entrants, the runner-up in the women's championship will be allowed to choose a valuable fur coat as her prize instead of the motor-cycle already announced. It appears to be the general opinion that this change in the prize list will meet with unanimous approval.

The winners of both championships will be presented with a Calthorpe motor-car, valued at £325, and, in addition, they will hold for one year a handsome silver trophy. Every area champion will receive a valuable gold medal of special design.

WHERE TO SEE THE CARS.

Duplicates of the prize cars may now be inspected at the premises of the following firms:

London.—Mann, Egerton and Co., Euston-road; Gamages, Ltd., Holborn; Arding and Hobbs, Clapham Junction; Jones and Co., Colindale; Motor House, Finchley-road, N.W.; Stretton and Smith, Woodstock-street, Bond-street; Lancaster Engineering Co., Eden-street, Kingston-on-Thames; Holbrook Motor Co., Hill Rise, Richmond.

Provinces.—Heighton and Co., Market-place, Thrapston; Caffrins, Ltd., Eastbourne; Travers, Ltd., Pilgrim-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; P. J. Evans, Birmingham; Jones and Co., Bury; Swansae; H. Robinson, Ltd., Cambridge; Tilleys, Ltd., Dorchester; Coleman Depot, Manchester; Botwoods, Ltd., Ipswich; Kingston and Co., Bury St. Edmunds, Lowestoft and Norwich; Keating and Shaw, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Ireland.—Keating and Lundy, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin.

Amongst the latest table tennis centres is the new club which has been opened with five tables at the old National School, Church-street, Watford, Herts. The secretary is Mr. J. Nevitt, Wansford, Clarendon-road, Watford, and local players should give him every support.

"Last-minute" entrants should send their postcards to "The Editor, *Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships, 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.4."

"MESOPOTAMIA."

Sir Percival Phillips' Enlightening Book Published To-day.

"Mesopotamia," a shilling booklet containing the reprinted articles by Sir Percival Phillips, *The Daily Mail* special correspondent, on the British military occupation of Iraq, is published to-day.

This vast and barren waste of country, almost entirely populated by people hostile to Britain, has already cost the British taxpayer a sum estimated at £100,000,000, and in a series of a dozen forceful and vigorous articles Sir Percival Phillips denounces our policy there and exposes the waste of public money on such a flagrantly unremunerative enterprise.

A treaty signed on October 10, 1922, by the Coalition Government guarantees King Feisal British financial and military assistance for twenty years, and in one of his articles Sir Percival says: "If we cut our losses in Mesopotamia and withdrew to the Basra area, our hold on the Persian Gulf will be secure, and the British taxpayer will not have to sink more millions in the effort to prop up an unstable and unsympathetic native Government."

"Mesopotamia" may be obtained from all booksellers to-day.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

Markets were strong again to-day in practically all sections. War Loan advanced to 100 9-16, with all alleged stocks good. Conversions being 76. Home Rails were generally steady. Australian 4s. 10s. 14 3/4. Meta and Districts both 1 up 62 and 48. Argentine Rails were subject to profit-taking, but Antofagasta jumped 3 1/2 to 76 1/2. In Foreign bonds, French and Brazil showed recovery.

Industrials were irregular. Dunlops improved to 9s. 4 1/2, anticipating next week's debenture prospectus. The Marconi group were quiet. Maybels were harder 6s. 6d. Textile shares were dull; Courtauld 62s. 3d. Listers 23s. 3d. Tobacco were also easier; Imperial 74s. 9d. A.T. 69s. *Daily Mirror* shares strong 41s. *Daily Mirror* debentures 108 1/2.

Rubber shares were favoured under influence of further rise in the commodity to 1s. 3 1/2d.; Highlands rose to 39s. Java Investment and Rubber Trusts 26s. 3d., Anglo Dutch 45s. 9d., Sumatra to 53s. 6d. Oils were harder, Eagles 40s., Anglo-Persian 41s., Shell 4 1-32, V.O.C. 27s.



Miss Nancy Sayer (right), as the "Pip and Squeak Annual," and other little guests at the Mansion House children's ball last night.

DAY OF MOURNING.

Germans to Fly Flags at Half Mast—Theatres Closed.

(Continued from page 3.)

BERLIN, Thursday. Flags will be flown half-mast on all Government buildings throughout Germany on Sunday as a sign of mourning for the French occupation of Essen.

Theatres and other places of amusement will be closed and mourning services will be held. It is reported also that the Trades Union Federation intends to order a half-hour's cessation of work on Monday as a demonstration of protest.

It is announced that the transport of reparations coal ceased from 9 a.m. to-day by order of the German Government.

In a statement before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Reichstag, Herr Cuno, the Chancellor, announced that reparations obligations would cease to be discharged to "Treaty-Breaking Powers."—Reuter.

[It is stated in an Exchange message from Amsterdam that when the French occupation is complete the Berlin Government will declare the Peace Treaty inoperative and break off relations with the Reparations Commission.]

Protest to Britain.—Dr. Sthamer, the German Ambassador in London, yesterday presented at the Foreign Office a Note protesting against French and Belgian action.

RENT ACT RIDDLE.

Cabinet Reserve Housing Decision for Committees' Reports.

By Our Political Correspondent.

The housing problem came before the Cabinet yesterday.

Contrary to expectation the Lord Chancellor's Judicial Committee, which has been considering the Lords sensational decision that increases of rent are illegal unless notice to quit has been given, did not present even an interim Report.

This, it is understood, was because the Committee felt that it would be desirable to deal with the matter comprehensively before making any recommendation.

The Cabinet feel that before any final decisions are taken on any special phase of the housing problem they should be in possession of all the Reports of the Committees now conducting investigations.

EARL'S DAUGHTER WEDS.

Six Months' Honeymoon in East Africa Shooting Big Game.

Silver grey was the unusual shade chosen for her four bridesmaids by Lady Mary Egerton, daughter of the late Earl of Wilton and of Mariota Lady Wilton, who was married to Mr. E. B. Boyd yesterday at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

The bride, who was given away by the Hon. George Egerton, wore a draped white satin dress with long sleeves, a train of silver and velvet patterned fringes, and carried a white vellum prayer-book instead of flowers.

For their honeymoon Mr. and Lady Mary Boyd will spend six months in East Africa on a shooting expedition.

Deep red roses allied to peach-coloured veils and dresses were worn by four bridesmaids who attended Miss Dorothy Wood at her marriage at the Brompton Oratory yesterday to Captain H. J. Bamford, of Oldfields Hall, Uttoxeter. The bride's dress had a silver train lined with rose pink.

Air Crash Inquest.—The inquest on Major R. E. Kays and his mechanic, kin of silver the air crash at Stanmore, will be held to-morrow.

VERSATILE ACTOR'S MANY PARTS.

Artist, Bricklayer's Labourer and Athlete.

"MR. DUCAT'S" ROLES.

Athletic Training to Keep His Health Good.

"Each man in his time plays many parts," said Shakespeare; and his words are certainly true of Mr. E. Thornley-Dodge, who is now playing the part of Mr. Ducat in "Polly" at the Kingsway Theatre. He is versatility personified.

A few weeks ago he was starring in vaudeville as a humorous raconteur with lightning sketches. Last summer he spent his holiday acting as a bricklayer's labourer.

During the Christmas holidays he might have been seen on a running track near his home at Fulham practising to become a first-class sprinter.

This is how he has filled in his time during the past year:—

Vaudeville contracts.
Writing plays.
Carrying a hod as a bricklayer's assistant.
Painting pictures.
Coaching Olympic and other stage aspirants.
Designing wallpapers.
Amusing children.
"Polly."

"THE ARTFUL DODGER."

"I am never so happy as when I am working hard, no matter what the task is," he told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "I think I was a success as a bricklayer's labourer. At all events, the house is still standing!"

"Because of this little excursion into industry on my part, my friends made me a 'Hod-fellow,' and nicknamed me 'Dodge, the Artful Dodger,' though, where the artfulness of carrying bricks and mixing mortar comes in I cannot see."

"At all events, the union haven't got to hear about it yet, and nobody's called me a 'black-leg.' I shall join the union one of these days. With regard to my athletic ambitions, I am primarily studying my health. I love my part of Mr. Ducat in 'Polly'; it is charming, if exacting. But my health is worth, I think, a few ducks, as Shylock might have said."

As a playwright Mr. Thornley-Dodge has been eminently successful, Miss Edith Goddard starring in one of his shorter pieces in London. The output from his pen is still below the demand.



For You From Me

I will make you a present of this handsome British-made aluminium canister, which is just the right size for holding six pounds of my flour. There is no advertising matter on it, and it will be a handsome and useful addition to your kitchen. There are coupons in the bags of my Self-raising Flour, my Self-raising Wheatmeal Flour, and King's Own Custard. I will send you the canister in return for 25 red coupons or their equivalent. Order it from your Grocer to-day.

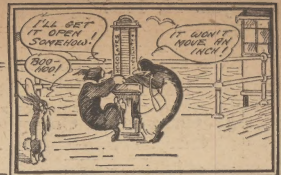
Peterkin.

K.O. CEREALS CO., LTD., 2, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.

Table Tennis "Caddies": See amusing pictures on Page 11

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Willard has a little game with—

—the table tennis balls on page 11.

DIVORCE DECREE



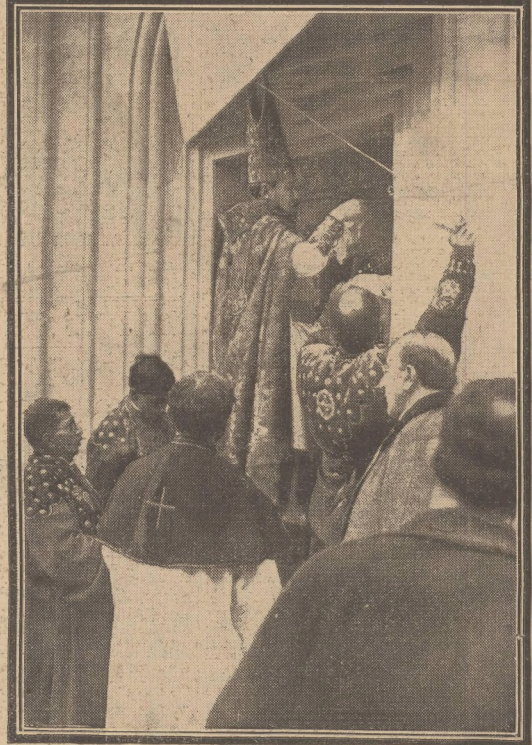
Mrs. Dorothy Crawford, who yesterday obtained a decree nisi against her husband, Mr. Oswald Crawford. She said that in Tientsin she saw another woman in her husband's arms.

A CATHEDRAL MEMORIAL



Lord Horne (in uniform) with whom is Lord Hawke, unveiled yesterday at Southwark Cathedral a stained glass window in memory of the employees of "Oxo" who fell in the war.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

FIRST ARMENIAN CHURCH



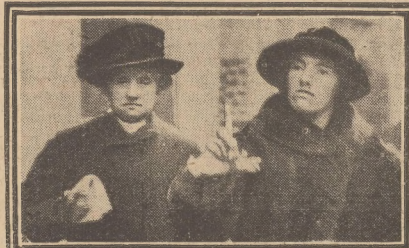
Dr. Abel Nazarian, the chief Armenian Bishop in the United Kingdom, pronouncing the dedication on the threshold of the first Armenian church in England. This was opened yesterday at Iverna-gardens, Kensington. Dr. Nazarian wore a black hood and an elaborately decorated cloak on his arrival when he was accompanied by a minister of the Church of England.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Lieut. W. G. Gould, R.A.F., who was granted yesterday a decree of restitution of conjugal rights against his wife.



Senator Reed proposes that war debts be settled by the United States acquiring British and French islands in West Indies.



BARRICADED HOUSE TRAGEDY.—Two visitors to Marylebone-lane Police Station in connection with the Regent's Park tragedy. The inquest on Mr. Maltby and Mrs. Middleton may be held to-morrow.



A shell bursts in a British square. Mounted is a French chasseur seeking to capture a standard.



Mr. Gwilym Evans as Napoleon with Sergeant Connell, rough-rider.

WATERLOO FILMED.—Scenes representing the Battle of Waterloo are included in a new historical film, "A Royal Divorce," which has been prepared in the Long Valley, Aldershot. A number of soldiers have been allowed to take part, and one of them, Sergeant Connell, seen above in an old-time Hussar uniform, does some daring riding feats.